

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in reſpoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.

Macb. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'ſt leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I loſe none,

In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.

Macb. Good reſpoſe the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell: Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

Art thou not ſatall Viſion, ſenſible

To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?

I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou maſtall'ſt me the way that I was going,

And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to uſe.

Mine Eyes are made the foolles o'th' other Senſes,

Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,

Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:

It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informs

Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe

The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Heccats Offrings: and wither'd Murder,

Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,

With Tarquins raviſhing ſides, towards his deſigne

Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth

Hear not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,

And take the preſent horror from the time,

Which now ſutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:

Words to the heart of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell intuiues me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhrick'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfered Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didſt thou not heare a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry:
Did not you ſpeake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeene me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply:

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feaſt.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water, And

And waſh this filthie Witneſſe from your Hand.
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there: goe carry them, and ſmeare
The ſleepeie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:

I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:

Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirmes of purpoſe:

Giue me the Daggers: the ſleepeie, and the dead,

Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,

That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,

Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,

For it muſt ſeeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noiſe appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I ſhame

To weare a Heart ſo white. *Knocke.*

I heare a knocking at the South entry:

Retyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares vs of this deed.

How eaſie is it then? your Conſtancie

Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, leaſt occaſion call vs,

And ſhew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt

So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*

'Twere beſt not know my ſelfe.

Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:

I would thou could'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the
Key. *Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock.* Who's there
i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himſelfe on the expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
Napkins enow about you, here you'll ſweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both
the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock. Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an Engliſh
Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe:
Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goole. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Professions, that
goe the Primroſe way to th' euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.